THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1807. [NUMBER XXV.

Selceted for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

(In continuation.)

IT was in vain that the pastor represented that the terrible vengeance exercised upon the unhappy Valerie during the night of the contest was equivalent to an austere penance of several years; he found Beaumanoir inflexible. In that dreadful night he had avenged himself with all the fury of an implacable mind. He wished to render Valerie celebrated both by her repentance and by her penance; and at this price alone could his pride grant her a public pardon. Besides, he loved exhibitions and notoriety; and the dramatic punishment which he had imagined, appeared to him a sublime invention—He was as much attached to it as an author could be to a piece which he considered as his finest production.

Valerie was much less terrified at the penance than at the pardon that was to be the result of it. She had flattered herself that Beaumanoir would never see her again, and that he would permit her to retire forever to a convent with her daughter, who might be nurtured and educated there during her infancy and early youth. The only circumstance that made an impression upon her in the penance was, the severe injunction which permitted her only to see her daughter for a few minutes each day, and which forbade her replying to her when this child should arrive at an age to understand and to speak to her. Yet Valerie hesitated not to submit herself entirely, since she had only this one method to preserve a communication with her child.

Conducted by the pastor, she returned to the detested castle. She found herself unwell on entering it; but her little Emma was brought to her: and for some moments she forgot all her sorrows, while she held her beloved infant in her arms. An old waiting woman in the service of Beaumanoir, brought her a robe of coarse black cloth, and told her, that during five years that would be her only garment. 'and I never desired to wear any other.' Her new apartment was in a tower, which had never been used before but as a prison; Beaumanoir had now caused it to be fitted up with a kind of elegant simplicity. The keys of the tower were sent her; and, in fact, no precaution was taken to prevent her escape. she was desired not to leave the tower unveiled, and to walk only in an extensive court, and in a garden made purposely for her, enclosed only by a simple palisade, with a door leading to the country, of which she received the key, with the sole view of favouring her escape, if she should conceive a wish to escape. She refused to take charge of this key, but she was not allowed to return it. She hung it, therefore, at the fireplace of her chamber, where it has remained to this day. The first evening was, above all, terrible to her: she was obliged to undergo the humiliating penance, and again to see Beaumanoir.

The pastor visited her, to strengthen her fortitude by his spiritual advice. She heard him with her accustomed gentleness: she threw herself on her knees, asked his blessing, and after having received it—'Oh, my God!' exclaimed she, 'I submit myself with the most perfect resignation to all these heart-rending humiliations! May they expiate my faults! May my degradation in the eyes of the world be my only punishment. Gracious Providence protect my child! for her sake I resign myself.'

Her old duenna came to conduct her to supper, reminding her of the ceremony which she was to observe. All the domestics who met her burst into tears; for she was adored by them all, for her mildness and goodness.

When she entered the supper-parlour, she burst into tears; but when she heard the stern voice of Beaumanoir, her tears were immediately dried up, and she found herself ready to faint. She avoided the horror of seeing him, by keeping her eyes continually fixed on the ground. She placed herself at table. She shuddered when Beaumanoir ordered her to drink. She had heard a description of the fatal cup, which she took with a convulsive trembling; but in carrying it to her lips she lost all recollection, and was obliged to be borne away. Such was the first evening. The next day Valerie saw her daughter with a new pleasure, for she had suffered for her.

The whole neighbourhood were indignant at the cruelty of Beaumanoir; and and they made many unsuccessful efforts to induce him to recede from his purpose, and mitigate his harsh sentence. All the ladies of the province affected by the fate of Valerie, and perhaps terrifi-

ed by an example of severity so rigorous, united themselves, and came together to the castle, to solicit in favour of the young penitent. But this intercession, which they had repeated every year, had always been entirely fruitless. Since that time, no woman will visit at the castle. The ladies have refused every invitation of Beaumanoir's; and when he visits any of the neighbouring castles, nothing can induce them to sit at the table with him, they leave him with their husbands, and retire to their apartments. Several ladies have wished to see Valerie privately, or, at least, to communicate with her by letter; but Valerie has declined all visits, received the letters without opening them, and delivered them all to the pastor. Beaumanoir had not neglected to embellish her solitude. Valerie's garden was filled with flowers, and there was besides a charming aviary. But it was in a vase of flowers that Valerie had deposited the fatal key, and the birds in the aviary reminded her of her dying dove.—'Alas!' said she, 'these innocent objects remind me too keenly of my crime, and the tortures I have suffered. I can no longer enjoy any amusements; even the most innocent ones are denied me. She opened the aviary, and restored the birds to liberty; the flowers were by her desire all pulled up; and she would have nothing planted but cypress in her melancholy garden. The pastor, however, wished to restore a taste so natural and so pure and which might tend to dispell the gloom of her situation, requested her to cultivate two borders of flowers to decorate the church; and this motive in a short time overcame all her repugnance. She regularly received a considerable allowance monthly; the greater part of which she distributed in alms, and the remainder in gifts to the church, commonly ornamented by the work of her own hands.

These pious occupations, prayer, and listening to the reading and conversation of the pastor, filled up all her time. The most promising days of her early youth obscured by a dreadful remembrance, but purified by repentance, passed on at least free from tempests of passion, and without weariness, in this solitude. She felt for the pastor equal respect and veneration. The affecting exhortations, and paternal counsels of this worthy man, reanimated her courage. She believed in all the sublimity of the Gospel; so affecting to minds of sensibility, so consoling to the guilty! But the resentment of Valerie against Beaumanoir long embittered all the consolation she found in piety.—'My daughter,' said the pastor, 'you must pardon him.'—'But ah! my father, is he not cruel?'—'You will change, you will amend him. Does not the Scripture say, that the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the believing wife? Perfect virtue is always communicative. Acquire it, my daughter, and you will give it to your husband. In the eyes of Heaven there are no ill-suited marriages, since with patience and piety on the one side, the most opposite character may correct themselves by each others example. The Almighty, doubt it not, reserves to you the glory of softening the manners of your husband. You will triumph over this haughty character; you will soften his obdurate heart; and you will cherish your success and your work.' Valerie was forcibly impressed with these ideas; and she soon ceased to hate Beaumanoir, by chasing from her thoughts the image of what he was, and representing him in future as entirely changed.

The good pastor endeavoured to strengthen the happy disposition in which Valerie now was, by assuring her that Beaumanoir became daily more attached to his daughter.—'Oh! if he loves Emma, said she, he will no doubt become good!'—With equal assiduity the worthy pastor spoke to Beaumanoir in praise of Valerie; and Beaumanoir might perhaps have been prevailed on to shorten her penance, had it not been for the imprudence of a chevalier, who soon after the commencement of the voluntary captivity of Valerie, having seen that unhappy lady at supper, adventured, when she had withdrawn, to plead with Beaumanoir in her favour, and, when he found he could not prevail, proceeded from petition and argument to insult. Beaumanoir challenged, fought, and dangerously wounded this imprudent defender of Valerie. In the same year he fought two more duels on the same account, and the consequence was, he was rendered entirely inflexible towards his unhappy wife; for he conceived that were he to relent and treat her with more kindness, it might be supposed that he feared to expose himself to a repetition of such attacks. Thus even the interest which Valerie inspired, instead of producing her good, was prejudicial to her.

Yet did not this tender and affectionate mother know the full extent of her punishment, until her beloved Emma had attained the age when infants begin to notice the objects around them, and lisp their innocent ideas into imperfect words. Then, not being allowed to answer her, or keep her with her more than two or three minutes at a time, she began to suffer inexpressibly. The child, on her part, notwithstanding the youth and delightful beauty of her mother, was afraid of this silent figure habited in black, and always in tears. This impression was even so strong for several months, that the afflicted Valerie mistook it for antipathy. But at length the child affected by the maternal kiss, ceased to scream, and no longer shed tears but of sensibility. Frequently she rent her mothers heart by caressing her, as if to console her, and pressing her to answer her. During the last six months, especially, the child only five years old, has become so much attached to the mute mysterious mother, that she has imbibed a kind of melancholy which would be alarming in an age so tender, were it to continue. When she is taken to her mother she will carry all the toys and pretty things that had been given her, and present them to her

in silence. At these meetings she now no longer speaks to her, but throws herself on her neck, bursting into tears; and it is necessary to employ force to tear her from her arms.

(The conclusion in our next number)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON SPRING.

As surly Winter hides his cheerless brow,
And dreary snow storms cease to spend their rage,
Mild Spring returns with animating glow,
To cherish nature, and the heart assuage.

The sun, the source and parent of the day,
To southern climes has his mild visit paid;
And now returns to wake the vocal lay,
While round the land gay smiles of beauty spread.

And while the rays from yon great source of day,
Spread forth gay smiles and glowing beauty round;
The fragrant fields resume a visage gay,
And rural glades with vocal strains resound.

The breathing zephyrs in each balmy gale,
Convey sweet odours from the blooming trees,
While festive throngs in rural bliss regale,
And op'ning blossoms kiss the welcome breeze.

But those gay scenes and landscapes now sublime,
Will soon forbear to spread their smiling bloom,
For Spring rolls swiftly on the ear of time,
And soon will change to Summer's sultry noon.

And thus, like Spring, see youth's fair bloom retire,
And riper years more swiftly move along;
Till drooping age, opprest with pain and care,
Bids man, from life, stoop to the peaceful tomb.

New-York April 1807.

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MONODY ON CHATTERTON.

By the late Thomas Dermody.

DAUGHTERS, of Heaven! blest sisters of sweet song,
Who nurse the feelings that prolific rise
From Poesy's illustrious birth;
Firing some favoured son of earth,
And lending to his breast a portion of the skies,
O, hither move along
In pensive pace,
Lead bright Imagination's seraph-throng
O'er the rude stones that frown uncouth—
In yon deep dell's oblivious gloom
Sadly sleeps a once-lov'd youth.
Ye wood-flowers breath your wild perfume,
Ye shrouded warblers harmonize the gale,
Here, Autumn, fling thy brilliant bloom,
And fence from wayward winds the sacred vale:
Tread soft, ye infants of the air,
While in the mazy dance you turn,
Tread soft—and pause to mourn,
Mingling your mystic sports with sickly care,
For Genius slumbers here!
True Genius, prompt to mount the sphere
Of Fancy, thro' pure rapture's maze,
And view her with unshrinking gaze,
Prompt to veil in antique dress
What Antientry could ne'er express,
Catch the buskin's lofty mein,
Or woo the laughter-loving Queen.
Immortal Boy, thee angels fed
With Poesy's abstracted food,
Thy bowl was fill'd from Fancy's fountain-head,
Thy bowl with wond'rous extacies embued:
By Heaven's own chemic skill refined,
Thine was the manner of the mind.

Yet man ingrate thy labours view'd,
Unknown from Dullness' motley brood!
O! next to him whose master hand
Could thrill the pang'd nerve of the heart,
Bid the quick tear of Pity start,
Or Terror, shudd'ring own his dread command!

Hated reverse to all divine,
See the matchless minstrel pine,
See the blooming wonder die!
Indignant death in his distracted eye!
What curses future æras, yet unborn,
Shall lavish on the wretch's head
Who saw the tears fond Nature's darling shed
Yet in his bosom struck an agravating thorn!
Barbarian Brittain! could the choicest gem
Of Merit's radiant diadem
Sink in thy gloom, and waste its glorious glow!
Averse to bid neglected genius live,
Say, shalt thou share the fame a Chatterton can give?

Had he but gain'd his manhood's mighty prime,
Bright as the sun, and as the sun sublime,
His soaring soul had borne the awful wand
Of magic power, and o'er the fairy land
Of Fancy shed a new poetic race,
Lending creation to his favour'd place.
But oh! the dying sounds decay,
Ah! they fade away,
Melting, melting, melting,
Melting from the ear of day,
Despare assumes the Muse's lyre,
Damps each softly sinking fire,
Presses the fury spirit down below,
And tells his stubborn soul the bitter tale of woe.

At last superior to her chain,
He flies o'er Madness' wild domain,
Despis'd and dejected—he faints and he sighs!
Too rigorous Heav'n—how ghastly his eyes!
Spare, oh! spare, Almighty Power!
His phrenzied passion, and his last black honr,
Spare his mortal portion, spare!
Think upon his case distrest,
And of his soul's fine essence grant a share
To some pure breast.

Long did he brave Unkindness' Gorgon eye,
Fell Famine's meagre lip, and Scorn's polluted breath;
He look'd to find a friend—he found no friend but Death!
He never look'd on high,
Or THOU hadst been his friend,
Despair had turn'd his sight below,
Despair had fix'd his home of woe,
Rashly rebellious fell the fatal blow,
God of Mercy spare his end!
Perchance (to mortal audience still unknown)
In agony's keen parting groan,
No brother near to wrest his hand,
No sire to catch his last command,
No mother's mournful care to dress his bier,
No sister's tender, tender tear,
In hope's æthereal light he saw THEE shine,
And father, mother, brother, sister all combine;
In the full pity of thy opening Heaven,
Sweetest Child of Poesye,
May this meet thy soul on high,
Clear thy memory of this world,
And shew thy flag of future fame unfurl'd.

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To expose one's self to great dangers for small matters, said AUGUSTUS, is to fish with a golden hook.

Ill natured witticisms are often retorted upon those who make use of them. Madame de ***, who was famous at court for her bon-mots, was attacked by a young petit-maitre of high rank with this question. "Pray madam, was not that fine gown given you by a gallant?"—"No my little fellow," replied the lady "you think you are talking to your mother".

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY

On her first visit in London, to her friends in the Country.

Pray do not be angry with me, dearest Julia, for not fulfilling my promise of writing to you immediately on my arrival in this charming city. Could you but know how entirely every hour has been occupied, even from the very moment of my being housed at my uncle's, you would I am sure, readily make for me that excuse which I now solicit. I am in such a chaos of delightful wonder at all I see and hear, that my letter will be but a desultory compound of disjointed matter.

I shall pass over briefly the kind reception with which I was welcomed by my good uncle and aunt, and hasten to tell you that cousin Mary is grown a very handsome, or what is here termed a stylish elegant girl; and cousin John is the very pink of the *beau monde*, with his short waisted waistcoat, long waisted small-cloaths and cravat up to his ears.

But oh, my dear Julia! could you but see my cousin Mary's wardrobe! Positively I have not a gown I can wear!—And notwithstanding all the care my dear good mamma took that I should appear like other people, I literally am like nobody.

Mary amused herself for a full hour at the unpacking of my portmanteau, and display of its contents. 'Why dear coz. here's actually enough in this gown to make an alderman's robe! Mercy on me! a double dimity petticoat! and as I live, a thick lutestring pelisse, that will stand alone! What sort of a figure, my dear soul, do you intend to exhibit?—While all here is clad in mist *de-la-Grecian*, you will step forth among us in your ponderous costume, like the ghost of my grandmother, and frighten us out of our wits!' Thus she ran on in good natured ridicule of my poor paraphernalia; and then, without giving me time to be mortified, she rang for her maid; and, in the same sportive humour, said, 'Now Jones, set your best inventions to work, and, quick as thought, transfer this immense article of my pretty cousin's, yclped a gown! into a frock which came yesterday from Madame De Bruyn's; and remember, it must positively be finished by seven in the evening; and let Monsieur Videau be here by six.'

'My dear,' she added, turning to me, 'your hair is as rude and uncultivated as the wilds of America.'

I wont detain you by the grave remonstrances used by me on this occasion. nor tell you how severely my dear mamma frowned, in vision, as Jones slashed my new muslin peacemeal, to render it obedient to the reigning laws of taste and fashion. But this I must say, that viewing me at ten in the morning, with my little brown riding-habit, and small beaver hat with gold band; in the evening at eight, you would not have known me, I 'bore my honours so thick upon me.' My frock was made with a short train, which I wore over a blush-coloured sarsnet slip; it was tied all the way up behind, with small bows of narrow white satin ribband. A drawn tucker of plain net lace attached to the front of the slip, met the bosom of the frock, which was rounded sharp at the corners, and edged with white beads. The shoulder-strap was so narrow, and the back so low, as to leave rather more of my person exposed than was consistent with my notions of delicacy; but fashion here, I find is entirely despotic! My hair—oh! how it was compressed! The hind part, which you know is very long, was braded in four compartments, and brought from the the nape of my neck round the temple on one side, and across the head on the other, where loose curls flowed beneath, to meet my eye brow. It was fastened with a steel comb behind; and on the adverse side of the braids, was a half wreath (very dull) of Persian roses. I wore on my neck a gold elastic chain, fastened with a pearl broach; ear-rings and bracelets to correspond. These were a present from my uncle. My shoes and gloves were of white kid.

With you, my dear friend, I use no disguise; and, therefore, will freely say, that I did not think it possible I could have looked so well. Cousin John complimented me much on my metamorphose; and tells me, that when I get rid of my *mouvaise-honte* he shall *sport me* ('tis an odd term,) at the Opera.

You may expect, in all my letters, a description of all that is new and most elegant in female attire. My uncle and aunt, you know, are very rich; they keep the first company; and are both so immoderately fond of their daughter, as to indulge her in every fashionable accomplishment, and tasteful appendage; so that I shall be able to send you the first information. At present, I can only spare time to give you an account of my cousin Mary's last superb dress, together with a few general hints; for the town is beginning to fill, and we have a dinner-party to-day, and go to Convent-Garden in the evening.

But, to this, costume!—It is a robe of undressed crape, made to flow loose from the back, somewhat like the old *negligee* of our mothers. It is bordered all round with hearts-ease, in foil, at the edge of which is a most delicate silver fringe; from each shoulder, and round the back where it is deepest, is an erect plaiting of Vandyke lace.

The under dress is formed of India muslin, interwoven with silver thread, in small checks; and the bosom, which is shaded with a simple fold of the same, is terminated with an amethist brooch at each corner. Her neclace and bracelets are of pearl, fastened with an amethist, and her earrings to correspond; and the largest I ever saw, secured an armlet formed of plaited hair and gold, most beautifully executed. Her shoes were

of white satin, her gloves of white kid, with the bracelet on the out side. Her hair was in braids round the temples; over which, and on the crown of the head fell loose and glossy curls; and in the midst of these, in front, glittered the finest diamond star. In her bosom was a *bouquet*, formed of the damask rose, and double-blossomed myrtle. Mary is very handsome, and, with these tasteful auxillaries, she looked like nothing mortal. You must lay by your straw hat entirely—they are both unseasonable, and unfashionable. Do not purchase velvet shoes as you intended. Jean. kid, or satin, are those chosen by the *elegantes* of the metropolis

I enclose you a pattern of my new pelice—it is of sarsnet, of the new cardinal form. My bonnet is of the same, mad in a small poke, and is trimmed with the finest narrow swansdown.—Shawls are now too general to be held in genteel estimation; they are simply worn as an occasional wrap at the theatres, or in passing from the house to the carriage. The swansdown opera tippets are much worn in public; but the long tippet of dark fur, formerly so general, is now never seen on a female who has any pretentions to taste.

Adieu, dear Julia!—expect to hear again from me very soon; and, whether in London or Cornwall, believe me still

Your

ELIZA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

GLANCES AT LIFE.

No 3.

I CLOSED my second number with a small but justly deserved tribute to the members of the society For the relief of poor widows with small children; an institution which has received such conclusive marks of public approbation, as to render further comment here unnecessary.

The accumulation of worldly wealth, appears a primary object with the greater portion of society. And it is difficult to conceive a situation more enviable than that of a wealthy man with a truly benevolent heart. The object of his regard is the unfortunate but deserving man—one who has been striving for years to stem the tide of adversity, which he has invariably encountered; but whose success has been frustrated by unexpected events. Under such circumstances the wealthy and benevolent minded individual may gratify the choicest wish of his heart. He has himself experienced weighty misfortunes, and owes his present prosperity to the assistance of a friend. He has

"a tear for pity,
And a hand open to melting charity"—

the compassionate tear bedews his cheek; and his hand is stretched forth fraught with relief. Oh, wealth! how enviable thou art! The mother and her little ones bless their benefactor; while the husband and the father pours forth his warmest gratitude. How different are the sensations of such a man, to those which influence the conduct of the penurious.

There is no virtue that more adorns human nature than charity; and altho' in every action tending to the relief of his fellow creatures a man should be regulated by prudence, yet he who spares nothing to the needy, from a principle of avarice neglects laying up a fund of heart felt satisfaction, more valuable than gold itself. The most delectable feast human nature is capable of tasting, is altogether unknown to the avaricious.

Look at the poor debtor, who, to gratify the pique of some hard hearted creditor, and for a few dollars, is confined within the prison's dreary walls. By this procedure, the only hope he had to pay his debts is cut off. He is, perhaps a stranger; and who will administer to his necessities? Our laws do not allow him the most common necessaries. How then is he to subsist? Does society contain within its bosom, men who deign to think of his situation—are there any willing to afford him food, and warmth against the winter's cold? Yes! the godlike principle of charity is alive; its influence has been realized by hundreds of the children of misfortune. Men there are among us whose pride it is to administer to

"all the sad variety of woe."

And believe me, gentle reader, there is not an individual among this band of worthy and enlightened characters,* but has experienced more heart felt satisfaction resulting from his efforts to lessen human affliction, than can all the pride and pomp of wealth and equipage afford, without thus heaven-born principle.

E.

* The Humane Society.

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HUMAN LIFE.

LA MOTHE LE VAYER is an eminent instance of the small portion of happiness we taste in this life. To the eyes of the word, this learned man appeard encircled by felicity; but he says, 'Life alone seems to me a thing so indifferent, to say nothing more to its disadvantage, that I am so far from ever desiring to run the race again, that I would not exchange the few days which remain to me, in so advanced an age as mine, for the many years which a great number of young people, whose pleasures I know, promise themselves. I could swear to the truth of this, as well as Cordan, whose words I quote, rather for their good sense than their elegance.—They were to this purport. "By G—d, I would not exchange my little fortune, even in my old age, with the richest young man who has no experience." Bayle has reasoned on this declaration of La Mothe le Vayer, with his accustomed sagacity. He enumerates the various enjoyments of the scholar, who, even in an advanced period of life, retained all the vigour of his mental and corporeal faculties. He married, at about seventy, the daughter of an ambassador, and his *wife was a*

shrew. He published several works after his marriage, and they gave no marks of dotage. He was honoured by the French nation, and liberally pensioned by the court. He had titles and employments; his multifarious works sold well. What therefore could be wanted, in this rich amount of human felicity, to complete the happines of Le Vayer?

Cicero, in his Treatise on Old Age, declares, that if the gods offered to replace him once more in the cradle, he would reject the offer;—for that life had nothing to recommend it. Sir William Temple, with easy elegance, says, "That human life, is at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with, and humoured a little, till it falls asleep!—and then the care is over." The poetess Sappho imagines, "that to die is an evil: the gods have so determined it, or else they would die themselves." What a forcible epitaph an *Arabian poet* composed, to have inscribed on *his* tomb. "This *crime* did my father commit against me, but I have not committed the same against any."

SELECTIONS.

OLD MAIDS.

IT is a false and dangerous assertion, that single women at best pass their lives in a dull mediocrity, removed indeed from lively griefs, but unacquainted with real enjoyments. Spinsters may be daughters, sisters, aunts and friends, tho' they are not wives and mothers.

ALCHYMY AND COQUETRY.

THIS visionary pursuit is well described by M. Bailli: "The study of alchymy may be compared to a coquet. She smiles invitation on every one, and grants her favours to no one. It is an art without rules; whose beginning holds out a semblance of knowledge, whose middle is falsehood, and whose end is beggary."

The affectation of dressing ill subjects one to numerous inconveniencies; besides the impropriety of departing from the laws and expectations of society. "An American colonel, who had spent most of his life among the Indians, used to go habited like one; one day in the Coffee-house, in New-York, he was rather refractory on some occasion, when a gentleman turned him out of the room; "Sir, (says the Colonel) I am a gentleman." "Then *dress* like one," says the other, turning on his heel and walking in. *Emerald.*

GARRULITY.

Men of great loquacity and moderate intellects are sarcastically represented by an Arabian proverb as mills, whose clatter only we hear, without ever carrying away any flour.

Perhaps there is no character so seldom to be met with as that of a man who is strictly reasonable in the value he sets on property, who can be liberal without profusion, and economical without avarice.

A young sophimore, more notorious for his amours than his attention to the muses, courted a fair dame by the name of *Sally Love*. As soon as this came to his provident guardian's ears, he wrote him an affectionate letter, advising him to quit her as soon as he could with honor, and then court an alliance with *Sal-lust.*

PRIVATE MADHOUSE.

A gentleman of landed property was artfully conveyed by his *friends* into one of these, a few years ago, and kept there many months:—during this confinement, a young prig of an officer visited him, and, with unfeeling assurance, asked him how he came there?—"Come here, said the maniac, as you came by your commission—not so much by my own merit, as by the *interest* of my *friends.*"

King John being shown a stately monument, erected over the grave of a nobleman who had rebelled against him, and being advised to deface it, answered, "No, no, *I wish all my enemies were as honourably buried.*"

SATURDAY, APRIL 16.

To note the passing tidings of the time.

Foreign Intelligence.

By the arrival of the ship George, capt. Taylor, in 25 days from Greenock, papers to the 17th of March have been received at the offices of the New-York Gazette, and Mercantile advertiser, from which it appears that, in several engagements between the French and Russian armies, the latter were successful.

Lower Elbe, March 1.

The last battle, fought five miles from Konigsbergh, has been one of the most destructive in the history of the present war. The number killed on both sides is stated at *thirty thousand* men. It seems that a strong column of Russians that had escaped the battle of Mohringen, and approached the Vistula, was cut off from the main body, and was not able to force its way through the enemy without the greatest difficulty, and the loss of much artillery and men. The Russian centre was six times attacked by the French; if they had succeeded in breaking through it, they would have become masters of Konigsburgh, and the rich magazines in that city.

The Polish general, Kosiusko, has been taken prisoner by the Prussians.

St. Petersburgh, Feb. 15.

On the 8th of this month, the Russian army gained a splendid victory over the French at Eylau. The French army on this occasion consisted of more than 120 000 men; the Russians of Gen. Benningsen's division, and that which was formerly commanded by Gen. Buxhovden.—The battle began on the 7th of February, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and continued till six o'clock of the evening of the 8th. Bonaparte renewed the attack eight different times, and was as often repulsed.

YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY.

MRS. STONEHOUSE respectfully informs her friends, and the public in general, that her School for the instruction of Young Ladies, in Orthography, English grammar, Reading, Writing, and Needle-work, is continued at No. 24 Beaver-street, in an airy and pleasant situation.—She returns her most grateful thanks to her former and present employers, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favours, by the assiduity and attention paid to inform the minds, and direct the morals and manners of the children entrusted to her care. April 11.

WANTED,

A lad of respectable connexions, as an apprentice to the Druggist and Apothecary's business, for particulars apply at this office.

BOARDING.

Three or four Persons may be genteely accommodated with Boarding and Lodging, in a private family, in the neighbourhood of Cherry street—For further paticulars, apply at No. 137 Water-street. April 11.

SCHOOL.

MRS. HEARNE returns her sincere thanks to her former friends and employers, who have hitherto honored her with the tuition of their children, and respectfully informs them and the public in general, that she intends removing her seminary on the first of May next from No. 33, to 187 Bowery Lane, nearly opposite Dr. Church's Dispensary, having taken a convenient, neat, and commodious house for that purpose, in a pleasant, healthy, and airy situation, where she will continue to instruct youth in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery, and the various branches of Needle-work, &c. She flatters herself, that from the assiduous pains, and strict attention she is determined to pay to the morals, manners, and erudition of her pupils, to merit a continuance of the favors of her friends, and a share of public patronage

N. B. Mrs. Hearne wishes to intimate that she will be able to accommodate conveniently, from 12 to 15 young ladies to board and educate, if application be made within six weeks from this date. March 10.

NEW PATENT FLAGELET,

PATRONIZED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY,

AND

The nobility of Great Britian.

This instrument being held in such high estimation in England among ladies of the first rank, has induced the Manufactnrer to introduce it into the United States of America, where it has met with general approbation among ladies of the first circle. The sweetness and brilliancy of tone which it possesses, renders it superior to any ever made, and the fingering being so easy that ladies and gentlemen not knowing music, may in a few weeks acquire a proficiency. To be had only of John Butler, manufacturer and teacher, at Messrs. Paff's, City Hotel, Broadway. Jan. 17.

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete, warranted tight, by ALFORD & MARVIN,
No. 15, Catharine-street, near the Watch house

Just Received,

A handsome assortment of Lady's ornamented

COMBS,

Of the newest fashion, for sale by

N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New-York Hair Powder and perfume Manufactory, the ROSE, No 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway. Also,

SMITH'S

Purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete, in a small compass.

Odours of roses, for smelling bottles. Violetr and palm soap, 2s per square. His chymical blacking cakes, 1s 6d. Almond powder, for the skin, 8s per lb.

His circassia, or antique oil, for curling, glossing, and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle

Highly improved, sweet-scented, hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or roll. Roled do 2s.

His improved chymical milk of roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal to whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions. 6s 9s and 12s per bottle, or three dollars per quart.

His Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from coming out or turning grey. 4s and 6s per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder 1s per lb.
violet double scented do. 1s. 6d do.
beautiful rose powder 2s 6d do.

Highly improved hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or role, double 2s

His white almond wash ball 2 & 3s. each. common dittto 1s. Camphor 2s. 3s. do. Ditto vegetable ditto. Gentlemen's shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic lip salve of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, cures roughness and chops leaves the skin smooth, 2s & 4s. per box.

Savonnette royal paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s per pot.

His chymical Dentifrice tooth-powder, for the teeth and gums, 2s. & 4s per box.

SMITH'S assortment in the above line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. ** Suitable allowance to those who buy to sell again. March 21.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house No. 92, Greenwich street, at the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own houses as usual. Dec 27.

Just received,

AND for sale, genuine, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, No. 98 Cherry street, near New slip, New York, a fresh supply of the following approved Patent medicines, viz.

PECTORAL BALSAM OF HONEY.

INVENTED by the late Sir John Hill, for the cure of Coughs, Consumptions, Asthma's, Hoarseness, Defluctions, Catarrhs, and all Phthisickly complaints, difficulty of breathing, and a tough morning phlegm, it is the greatest of all preservers of the lungs, possessing the virtues of Honey and the richest Balsams, and never disagrees with the stomach.

CIRCASSIAN LOTION,

FOR THE SKIN.

Only fifty cents per Bottle.

A Sovereign Remedy for surfeits, scorching from the heat of the sun, freckles, blights from cold and chills of winter, scorbutic pimples, or eruptions of the face and skin, however violent or disfigured.

Whitehead's essence of Mustard, a safe and effectual remedy for the cure of rheumatisms, gout, lumbago, palsy, sprains, bruises, chilblains, numbness, &c. This celebrated essence has in all probability cured more persons afflicted with those complaints, than all the medicines ever before made public. Price one dollar.

Ching's celebrated worm-destroying Lozenges.

Shaw's sovereign ointment for the Itch, price three quarters of a dollar.

Hervey's Antivenerial pills—price 8s.

Pelno's billious pills. 4s.

Anderson's do do. 2s.

Hooper's female do. 2s.

British Oil. 2s.—Harlem do. 2s.

Bateman's drops. 2s.

Turlington's balsam of life. 2s. 6d. and 4s.

Godbold's Vegetable Balsam 7 dollars per bottle.

Godfrey's cordial. 1s. 6d.

James' powders. 5s.—8s.

Stoughton's Elixir. 1s. 6d.—5s.

Steer's chemical Opodeldoc. 4s.

Essence peppermint. 4s.—2s.

Essence Spruce. 3s.

A liberal discount allowed to those who purchase by the dozen or groce. April 4.

CULLENIAN MEDICINE STORE.

The public are respectfully informed there will be constantly for sale at the Cullenian Medicine Store, No. 98 Cherry street, near the New slip, New York, a fresh assortment of genuine drugs and medicines, shop furniture, &c. &c. which will be disposed of at wholesale or retail, for cash or a liberal credit. Prescriptions, and all orders faithfully prepared, and strictly attended to.

MEDICINE CHESTS.

Captains of vessels, and others, may be supplied with chests of all sizes, warranted to contain genuine medicines, with a full and sufficient printed book of medical and surgical directions.

☞ *Proper directions and advice will be given gratis to any purchasing Medicines at the above store.*

N. B. The public will observe that all Medicines purchased at the Cullenian Medicine Store are warranted genuine, and of course liable to be returned.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE FOUNDLING.

Oh! what a piteous sight is there!
The helpless victim of Despair,
In Mercy's lap reclin'd.
Poor, blameless, blighted child of woe!
Thou dost not yet thy sufferings know,
Nor know thy patrons kind.

Alas! what guilt, or misery hard,
Could quench a mother's fond regard,
Could sever Nature's ties?
Could drop, forsaken and forlorn,
Her son, her suckling, newly born,
To *pain* a stranger's eyes?

Perhaps, once happy, artless maid!
She fell, by artifice betrayed,
And thought the vows sincere,
Which left her in a bitter hour,
For shame and anguish to devour,
Without one pitying tear.

Perhaps an outcast from her home;
Afraid to stay, unused to roam,
She sought in vain relief;
Till hunger, cold, and toil combined,
To numb her limbs, and wring her mind,
And break her heart with grief.

Ah, what could make, but horror wild
A mother thus forsake her child,
And spurn the charge she bore?
Reject it from her heaving breast,
And leave it an unbidden guest,
At a promiscuous door?

Ye not promiscuous—He, unseen,
Who knows what human sorrows mean,
Thy wandring footsteps lead;
Where dwelt humanity to feel,
And ready skill was prompt to heal
Thine infant well nigh dead.

So, when a tyrant's cruel breath
Has doom'd each Hebrew son to death
To sooth his guilty fear;
Young Moses by the river side,
Within his feeble ark had died,
But Providence was near.

He bid th' Egyptian Princess find
The babe, and, with a tender mind,
Compassionate its tears;
From sedgy Nile the Prophet rose,
Who sav'd his race and crush'd their foes,
In his succeeding years.

Who knows but this poor little frame
May hold a spark of future fame,
Which time shall give to shine?
Matur'd to happier days he may,
With filial love your cares repay,
And cheer your life's decline.

Almighty love, what words are thine!
"Ye outcasts, I adopt you mine!
Your parent, hope, and stay:
A mother may her son forsake,
But I my cov'nant will not break,
Nor cast my child away."

.....

EPIGRAM.

On a Mr. Smart being married to Miss Pain.

Two lovers, piere'd by *Cupid's* dart,
Long sigh'd for *Hymen's* chain,
She kindly wish'd to have his SMART,
And he to have her PAIN.

A priest they call'd, nor call'd in vain,
His blessings to impart;
He soon gave longing *Colin* PAIN,
And made fond *Lucy* SMART.

.....

GOSSIPPING.

THERE is nothing more contemptible, than that gossipping disposition, which delights in hearing and repeating little tales of slander and ill-nature. What is wonderful, is, that persons of any sense should give credence to the ridiculous stories in circulation. For my own part I make it a standing rule never to believe any report to the disadvantage of a friend or acquaintance, upon the mere assertion of an indifferent person. I have always found, on examination, that the story is either entirely false, or else so disguised and exaggerated, as to be widely distant from the real truth.

Ned Worthy is one of the best fellows in the world. Whenever he enters, there is a smile of satisfaction on every face in the room. As he is in easy circumstances, he once paid the tax of a wealthy bachelor, in being called on to maintain a child not his own. Ned immediately gained the reputation, particularly among his female friends, of being a man of gallantry. It was no sooner known that Ned was engaged to a fine woman, than the children began to multiply; and the future Mrs. Worthy is actually threatened, on her marriage, to be presented with no less than TWELVE ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN. The story of the black crows is no longer a fable.

It was currently reported, and at last confidently affirmed, that, on Thursday last Will Careless was caught in bed with Mrs. B. The whole Exchange was alive, and every Insurance-office electrified with the intelligence. You would have thought that some important news had arrived from Europe; that Bonaparte had arrived at Petersburgh, or that the French had been cut up piece-meal. On enquiry, it was discovered, that Mrs. B. was on that day in the country with her family, and that Will had not yet returned from Philadelphia, whither he had gone some time since on business.

(*Althology.*

.....

'I will wager my head, if you are not wrong,' exclaimed a dull and warm orator to the president Montesquieu, in an argument. 'I accept it replied the philosopher; any trifle among friends has a value.'

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum, payable half yearly. No subscription received for a less term than one year.

To those who receive them by mail, two dollars, payable in advance.

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